

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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BREAKFAST IN SUMMER.

"Breakfast in Summer!" cries a reader, in some narrow street in a city: "that means, I suppose, a breakfast out of doors, among trees; or at least, in some fine breakfast-room, looking upon a lawn, or into a conservatory. I have no such breakfast-room; the article is not written for me. However, let us see what it says:—let us see whether, according to our friend's recipe,

One can hold

A silver-fork, and breast of pheasant on't

By thinking of sheer tea, and bread and butter.

Nay, let us do him justice too. Fancy is a good thing, though pheasant may be better. Come, let us see what he says;—let us look at his Barmecide breakfast;—at all the good things I am to eat and drink without tasting them.

Editor. Reader, thou art one of the right sort.—Thy fancy is large, though thy street be narrow. In one thing only do we find thee deficient. Thy faith is not perfect.

Reader. How? Am I not prepared to enjoy what I cannot have? And do I not know the Barmecide? Am I not a reader of the Arabian Nights,—a willing visitor of that facetious personage, who set the imaginary feast before the poor hungry devil Shacabac, and made him drunk with invisible wine, till, in the retributive intoxication of the humour, mine host got his ears boxed?

Editor. Hallo—what is that you are saying?—Oh you "intend nothing personal." Well, it is luckily added; for look you—we should otherwise have "heaped coals of fire on your head." The want of faith we complain of is not the want of faith in books and fancies, but in us and our intentions towards thyself; for how comest thou to suppose that we intended omitting thy breakfast,—thy unsophisticated cup of bohea, and most respectable bread and butter? Why, it is of, and to such breakfasts, that we write most. The others, unless their refinement be of the true, universal sort, might fancy they could do without us: whereas those that really can do so, are not unwilling to give us reception, for sympathy's sake, if for nothing else. To enjoy is to reciprocate. We have the honour (in this our paper-person) of appearing at some of the most refined breakfast-tables in the kingdom, some of these being at the same time the richest, and some the poorest, that epicure could seek or eschew; that is to say, unintellectual epicure; and when such a man is found at either, we venture to affirm that he misses the best things to be found near him. It does not become us to name names; but we may illustrate the matter by saying, that, had it been written forty years back, we have good reason to think that the intentions of the London Journal would have procured it no contemptuous welcome at the breakfast-table of Fox with his lords about him, or Burns with his "bonnie Jeanie" at his side. Porcelain, or potter's-clay, silver or pewter, potted meats, oatmeal, or bacon, are all one to us, provided there is a good appetite, and a desire to make the best of what is before us. Without that, who would breakfast with the richest of fools? And with it, who that knows the relish of wit and good humour, would not sit down to the humblest fare with inspired poverty?

Now the art of making the best of what is before us, (not in forgetfulness of social advancement, but in encouragement of it, and in aid of the requisite activity or patience, as the case may require), is one of the main objects of this publication; and as the commoner breakfast seems to require it most, it is to such tables

the present paper is chiefly addressed,—always supposing that the breakfaster is of an intelligent sort; and not without a hope of suggesting a pleasant fancy or so to the richest tables that may want it. And there are too many such!—perhaps because the table has too many "good things" on it already,—too much potted gout, and twelve-shilling irritability.

Few people, rich or poor, make the most of what they possess. In their anxiety to increase the amount of the means for future enjoyment, they are too apt to lose sight of the capability of them for present. Above all, they overlook the thousand helps to enjoyment, which lie round about them free to every body, and obtainable by the very willingness to be pleased, assisted by that fancy and imagination which nature has bestowed, more or less, upon all human beings. Some mis-called Utilitarians, incapable of their own master's doctrine, may affect to undervalue fancy and imagination, as though they were not constituent properties of the human mind, and as if they themselves, the mistakers, did not enjoy even what they do by their very assistance! Why they have fancies for this or that tea-cup, this or that coat, this or that pretty face! They get handsome wives, when they can, as well as other people, and when plain ones would be quite as "useful!" How is that? They pretend to admire the green fields, the blue sky, and would be ashamed to be insensible to the merits of the flowers. How can they take upon them to say where the precise line should be drawn, and at what point it is we are to cease turning these perceptions of pleasure and elegance to account?

The first requisite towards enjoying a breakfast, or anything else, is the willingness to be pleased; and the greatest proof and security of this willingness, is the willingness to please others. "Better" (says a venerable text) "is a dinner of herbs, where peace is, than a stalled ox with contention." Many a breakfast, that has every other means of enjoyment, is turned to bitterness, by unwilling discordant looks, perhaps to the great misery of some persons present, who would give and receive happiness, if at any other table. Now breakfast is a foretaste of the whole day. Spoil that, and we probably spoil all. Begin it well, and if we are not very silly or ill-taught persons indeed, and at the mercy of every petty impulse of anger and offence, we in all probability make the rest of the day worthy of it. These petty impulses are apt to produce great miseries. And the most provoking part of the business is, that for want of better teaching, or of a little forethought, or imagination, they are sometimes indulged in by people of good hearts, who would be ready to tear their hair for anguish, if they saw you wounded or in a fit, and yet will make your days a heap of wretchedness, by the eternal repetition of these absurdities.

It being premised then that persons must come to breakfast without faces sour enough to turn the milk, (and we begin to think that our cautions on this head are unnecessary to such readers as take in the London Journal) we have to inform the most unpretending breakfaster—the man the least capable of potted meats, partridges, or preserves, that in the commonest tea-equipage and fare which is set upon his board, he possesses a treasure of pleasant thoughts; and that if he can command but the addition of a flower, or a green bough, or a book, he may add to them a visible grace and luxury, such as the richest wits in the nation would respect.

"True taste," says one of these very persons, (Mr. Rogers in his notes to a poem,) "is an excellent economist. She delights in producing great effects by small means." This maxim holds good, we see, even

amidst the costliest elegancies; how much more is it precious to those whose means are of necessity small, while their hearts are large? Suppose the reader is forced to be an economist, and to have nothing on his breakfast table but plain tea and bread and butter. Well; he is not forced also to be sordid, or wretched, or without fancy, love, or intelligence. Neither are his tea-cups forced to be ill shaped, nor his bread and butter ill cut, nor his table-cloth dirty; and shapeliness and cleanliness are in themselves elegancies, and of no mean order. The spirit of all other elegance is in them,—that of selectness,—of the superiority to what is unfit and superfluous. Besides, a breakfast of this kind is the preference, or good old custom, of thousands who could afford a richer one. It may be called the staple-breakfast of England; and he who cannot make an excellent meal of it, would be in no very good way with the luxuries of a George the Fourth, still less with the robust meats of a huntsman. Delicate appetites may reasonably be stimulated a little, till regularity and exercise put them in better order; and nothing is to be said against the innocencies of honies and marmalades. But strong meats of a morning, are only for those who take strong exercise, or who have made up their minds to defy the chances of gout and corpulence, or the undermining pre-digestion of pill-taking.

If the man of taste is able to chuse his mode of breakfasting in summer time, he will of course invest it with all the natural luxuries within his reach. He will have it in a room, looking upon grass and trees, hung with paintings, and furnished with books. He will sit with a beautiful portrait beside him, the air shall breathe freshly into his room, the sun shall colour the foliage at his window, and shine betwixt their checquering shadows upon the table; and the bee shall come to partake the honey he has made for him.

But suppose that a man capable of relishing all these good things, does not possess one of them,—at least can command none that require riches. Nay, suppose him destitute of every thing but the plainest fare, in the plainest room, and in the least accommodating part of a city. What does he do? Or what, upon reflection, may he be led to do? Why, his taste will have recourse to its own natural and acquired riches, and make the utmost it can out of the materials before it. It will shew itself superior to that of thousands of ignorant rich men, and make its good-will and its knowledge open sources of entertainment to him unknown to treasures which they want the wit to unlock. Be willing to be pleased, and the power will soon come. Be a reader, getting all the information you can; and every fresh information will paint some common-place article for you with brightness. Such a man as we have described will soon learn not to look upon the commonest table or chair without deriving pleasure from its shape or shape-ability; nor on the cheapest and most ordinary tea-cup, without increasing that gratification with fifty amusing recollections of books and plants and colours, and strange birds, and the quaint domesticities of the Chinese.

For instance, if he breakfasts in a room of the kind just mentioned, (which is putting the case as strongly as we can, and implies all the greater comforts that can be drawn from situations of a better kind,) he will select the snuggest or least cheerless part of the room, to set his table in. If he can catch a glimpse of a tree from any part of a window, (and a great many more such glimpses are to be had in the city than people would suppose) he will plant his chair, if possible, within view of it; or if no tree is to be had, perhaps the morning sun comes into his room, and he will con-

trive that his table shall have a slice of that. He will not be unamused even with the Jack-o'-lantern which strikes up to the ceiling, and dances with the stirring of his tea, glancing and twinkling like some chuckling elfin eye, or reminding him of some wit making his brilliant reflections, and casting a light upon common-places. The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it.

But if we have neither tree nor sun, and nobody with us to make amends, suppose it winter time, and that we have a fire. This is sun and company too, and such an associate as will either talk with us, if we chuse to hear it; or leave us alone, and gives us comfort, unheard. It is now summer time however, and we had better reserve our talk of fires for colder weather. Our present object is rather to point out some new modes of making the best of imaginary wants, than to dilate upon luxuries recognized by all.

Suppose then, that neither a fire, the great friend in-doors, nor sunshine, the great friend out of doors be found with us in our breakfast room,—that we could neither receive pleasure from the one, if we had it, nor can command a room into which the other makes its way,—what ornament is there,—what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap,—that should furnish our humble board with a grace, precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich? Flowers.—Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay, if you can get it,—or but two or three,—or a single flower,—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and butter-cups from your last field-walk, and keep them alive in a little water; aye, preserve but a branch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant as well as cheap of nature's productions,—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honour. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table,—morning, we believe, noon, and night; that is to say, at all his meals; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please, never changing with silks, and velvets and silver forks, nor dependent upon the caprice of some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. The fashion of the garments of heaven and earth endures for ever, and you may adorn your table with specimens of their drapery,—with flowers out of the fields, and golden beans out of the blue ether.

Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfumes of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow, proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves, or those about us, some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament,—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay always, beautiful, particularly in spring when their green is tenderest. The first new boughs in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty, and indeed

Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none.

(There is a verse for the reader, and not a bad one, considering its truth). We often have vines (such as they are,—better than none) growing upon the walls of our city houses,—or clematis, or jessamine,—perhaps ivy on a bit of an old garden-wall, or a tree in a court. We should pluck a sprig of it, and plant it on our breakfast table. It would shew that the cheap elegancies of earth, the universal gifts of the beauty of nature, are not thrown away upon us. They shad-

dow prettily over the clean table-cloth or the pastoral milk, like a piece of nature brought in doors. The tender bodies of the young vernal shoots above-mentioned, put into water, might be almost fancied clustering together with a sort of virgin delicacy, like young nymphs, mute-struck, in a fountain. Nay, any leaves, not quite faded, look well, as a supply for the want of flowers,—those of the common elm, or the plane, or the rough oak, especially when it has become gentle with its acorn tassels, or the lime which is tasseled in a more flowery manner, and has a breath as beautiful. Ivy, which is seldom or never brought in doors, greatly deserves to be better treated, especially the young shoots of it, which point in a most elegant manner over the margin of a glass or decanter, seeming to have been newly scissared forth by some fairy hand, or by its own invisible quaint spirit, as if conscious of the tendency within it. Even the green tips of the fir-trees, which seem to have been brushed by the golden pencil of the sun, when he resumes his painting, bring a sort of light and vernal joy into a room, for want of brighter visitors. But it is not necessary to a loving and reflecting spirit to have anything so good as those. A bit of elm-tree or poplar would do, in the absence of anything rarer. For our parts, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we would not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to shew us that good-natured Nature was alive.

Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be "trifling?" Oh, let him not so condescend to the ignorance of the proud or envious. If this were trifling, then was Bacon a trifier, then was the great Conde a trifier, and the old Republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself, nay, heaven itself; for heaven made these harmless elegancies, and blessed them with the universal good will of the wise and innocent. To trifle, is not to make use of small pleasures for the help and refreshment of our duties, but to be incapable of that real estimation of either, which enables us the better to appreciate and assist both. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heavens with thunderbolts, produces the lillies of the valley, and the gentle dew-drops that keep them fair.

To return then to our flowers and our breakfast-table,—were time and place so cruel as not to grant us even a twig, still there is a last resource, and a rich one too,—not quite so cheap as the other, but obtainable now-a-days by a few pence, and which may be said to grow also on the public walls,—a book. We read, in old stories, of enchanters who drew gardens out of snow, and of tents no bigger than a nut-shell, which opened out over a whole army. Of a like nature is the magic of a book,—a casket, from which you may draw out at will, bowers to sit under, and affectionate beauties to sit by, and have trees, flowers, and an exquisite friend, all at one spell. We see it now before us, standing among the cups, edgeways, plain-looking, perhaps poor and battered, perhaps bought of some dull huckster in a lane for a few pence. On its back we read, in old worn-out letters of enchantment, the word "Milton;" and upon opening it, lo! we are breakfasting forthwith

— Betwixt two aged oaks
On herbs and other country messes

Which the rent-hen'd Phillis dresses,

in a place which they call "alliegro." Or the word on the back of the casket is "Pope," and instantly a beauty in a "negligé" makes breakfast for us, and we have twenty sylphs instead of butterflies, tickling the air round about us, and comparing colours with the flowers, or pouncing upon the crumbs that threaten to fall upon her stomach. Or "Thomson" is the magic name; and a friend still sweeter sits beside us, with her eyes on ours, and tells us with a pressure on the hand and soft low words, that our cup awaits us. Or we cry aloud "Theocritus!" plunging into the sweetest depths of the country, and lo! we breakfast down in a thick valley of leaves and brooks and the brown summer-time, upon creams and honeycombs, the guest of bearded Pan and the Nymphs; while at a distance on

his mountain-top, poor overgrown Polyphemon, tamed and made mild with the terrible sweet face of love, which has frightened him with a sense of new thoughts, and of changes which cannot be, sits overshadowing half of the vineyards below him; and with his brow in tears, blows his harsh reeds over the sea.

Such has been many a breakfast of our own, dear readers, with poverty on one side of us, and these riches on the other. Such must be many of yours; and as far as the riches are concerned, such may be all. But how is this? We have left out the milk, and the bread, and the tea itself! We must have another breakfast with the reader, in order to do them justice.

THE WEEK,

From the 2nd to the 9th of July.

SUMMER.

The following extract from Mr. Howitt's Book of the Seasons, requires no more introduction than a fine day itself. The luxuriance glows upon you at once, and remains fervid and beautiful to the last, like a proper piece of July.

Summer! glowing summer! This is the month of heat and sunshine; of clear, fervid skies, dusty roads, and shrinking streams; when doors and windows are thrown open—a cool gale is the most welcome of all visitors, and every drop of rain is worth its weight in gold! such is July commonly; yet it is sometimes, on the contrary, a very showery month, putting the hay-maker to the extremity of his patience, and the farmer upon anxious thoughts for his ripening corn. Generally speaking, however, it is the heat of our summer. The landscape presents an air of warmth, dryness, and maturity; the eye roves over brown pastures, corn fields already white to harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedge-rows, and darker trees, lifting their heavy heads above them. The foliage at this period is rich, full, and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes; and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft shadowy twilight, which adds infinitely to their beauty, a circumstance that has never been sufficiently noticed by either poet or painter. Willows are now beautiful objects in the landscape: they are like rich masses of arborescent silver, especially if stirred by the breeze, their light and fluent forms contrasting finely with the still and sombre aspect of the other trees.

Now is the general season of hay-making. Bands of mowers in their light dresses and broad straw hats, are astir long before the fiery eye of the sun glances along the horizon, that they may toil in the freshness of the morning, and stretch themselves at noon in luxurious ease by trickling waters, and beneath the shade of trees. Till then with regular strokes and a sweeping sound, the sweet and flowery grass falls before them, revealing, at almost every step, nests of young birds, mice in their cozy domes, and the mossy cells of the humble bee streaming with liquid honey; anon, troops of hay-makers are abroad, tossing the green swaths to the sun. It is one of Nature's festivities, endeared by a thousand pleasant memories and habits of the olden days, and not a soul can resist it.

There is a sound of tinkling teams and waggons rolling along lanes and fields the whole country over, aye, even at midnight, till at length, the fragrant ricks rise in the farm yard, and the pale smooth-shaven fields are left in solitary beauty.

With the exception of a casual song of the lark in a fresh morning, and the blackbird and thrush at sunset, or the monotonous wail of the yellow hammer, the silence of birds is now complete; even the lesser reed-sparrow, which may very properly be called the English mock-bird, and which kept up a perpetual clatter with the notes of the sparrow, the swallow, the white-throat, &c., in every hedge-bottom, day and night, has now ceased its song also.

Spring-flowers have given place to a very different class. Climbing plants mantle and festoon every hedge. The wild hop, the bryony, the clematis or traveller's joy, the large white convolvulus, whose bold but delicate flowers will display themselves to a very late period of the year,—vetches, and white and yellow ladies' bed-straw invest every bush with their varied beauty, and breathe on the passers by their faint summer sweetness. The *Campanula rotundifolia*, the harebell of poets, and the blue-bell of botanists, arrests the eye on every dry bank, rock, and way-side, with its airy stems, and beautiful cerulean bells. There too we behold wild scabiouses, mallows, the woody nightshade, wood-betony and centaury; the red and white striped convolvulus also throws its flowers under your feet; corn-fields glow with whole armies of scarlet poppies, cockle, and the rich azure plumes of the viper's bugloss; even thistles, the curse of Adam, diffuse a glow of beauty over waste and barren places.

But whoever would taste all the sweetness of July, let him go in pleasant company, if possible, into heath-

and woods; it is there, in uncultured haunts, that summer now holds her court. The stern castle, the lowly convent, the deer, and the forester, have vanished thence many ages, yet nature still casts round the forest lodge, the gnarled oak, and lonely mere, the same charms as ever. The most hot and sandy tracks, which we might naturally imagine would now be parched up, are in full glory. The Erica Tetralix, or bell-heath, the most beautiful of our indigenous species, is now in bloom, and has converted the brown bosom of the waste into one wide sea of crimson. The air is charged with its honied odour; the dry elastic turf glows, not only with its flowers, but with those of the wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, the yellow asphodel, and that curious plant the sundew, with its drops of inexhaustible liquor sparkling in the fiercest sun like diamonds. There wave the cotton-rush, the tall fox-glove, and the latter golden mullein; there grows the classical grass of Parnassus, the elegant favourite of every poet, there creep the various species of heath-berries, cranberries, bilberries, &c.; furnishing the poor with a source of profit, and the rich of simple luxury. What a pleasure it is to throw ourselves down beneath the verdant screen of beautiful fern, or in the shade of a venerable oak, in such a scene, and listen to the summer sounds of bees, grasshoppers, and ten thousand other insects mingled with the more remote and solitary cry of the pewit and curlew! Then to think of the coach-horse urged on his sultry stage, and the plough boy and his team plunging in the depths of a burning fallow, or of our ancestors, in time of national famine, plucking up the wild fern roots for bread, and what an enhancement of our own luxurious ease!

But woods, the depths of woods, are the most delicious retreats during the fiery noons of July. The great azure campanulas or Canterbury bells are there in bloom; and in chalk and lime-stone districts there are also now to be found those curious plants the *bee and fly orchis*. The soul of John Evelyn well might envy us a wood-lounge at this period;

All the cool freshness of the humid air, the walk by the border of the brook chiming over the shadow-chequered pebbles, the green and breezy canopy above us, and luxurious thoughts in our hearts.

HAND-WRITINGS

From the Fifth Vol. (just published) of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

THE art of judging of the character of persons by their hand-writing, can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without constraint, becomes an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural disposition. But regulated as the pen is now too often by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand-writing: the pupils are forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine; a bevy of beauties will now write such fac-similes of each other, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling-press. Even brothers of different tempers have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made our hand-writings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation; it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a beautiful mask of a single pattern; and the fashionable writing of our young ladies is like the former tight-lacing of their mother's youthful days, when every one alike had what was supposed to be a fine shape.

Assuredly Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar countenance, a voice, and a manner. The flexibility of the manner differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will pourtray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot, and efface, and scrawl, while the neat and orderly-minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variousness of the Frenchman, the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon, Gray, and Gibbon; while we find in Pope's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and eager and rapid interlineations struck off in heat. Lavater's notion of hand-writing is by no means chimerical; nor was General Paoli fanciful, when he told Mr. Northcote, that he had decided on the character and dispositions of a man from his letters, and the hand-writing.

Long before the days of Lavater, Shenstone in one of his letters said, "I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-

writing, that I may judge of her temper." One great truth, however, must be conceded to the opponents of the *physiognomy of writing*—general rules only can be laid down. Yet the vital principle must be true that the hand-writing bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result. I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses, in a school-boy's rugged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs.

Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments. "Henry VIII. wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen." The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding. I have no doubt the assessor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

"Edward VI. wrote a fair legible hand." We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and to reign when we lost him.

"Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand like the bastard Italian." She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanied it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation: "Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch? The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, queen of England, the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters."

"James I. writ a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line." James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

"Charles I. wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly perhaps than any prince we ever had." Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in our kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would not have been insensible to elegancies of the pen.

"Charles II wrote a little fair running hand, as if wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done." Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his restlessness and vivacity.

"James II wrote a large fair hand." It is characterized by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter of business genius of the writer.

"Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand;" that is, the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXI. HENRIETTA OF BOURBON; OTHERWISE STYLED MADemoiselle DE MONTSPENSIER.

We take the account of this lady and her unusual marriage, from Miss Hays's "Female Biography," a work of considerable judgment and impartiality, not unworthy the attention of the most accomplished of the writer's sex. The reader will be amused at the close of the narrative with the portrait which the princess has drawn of herself. There are many such portraits in French memoirs, and many too almost as remarkable for their candour, as for the subtle contri-

vances which self-love naturally resorts to for the purpose of making amends for its confessions.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, (brother to Lewis XIII.) and of Marie de Bourbon Montpensier, was born in Paris, 1627. Her parents leaving France during her childhood, she was committed to the charge of her grandmother, the queen-regent, who appointed, as her governess, Madame de St. George, a woman of distinguished learning. To a taste for literature Mademoiselle added a singular passion for military exercises. During the civil dissension in France, in the disputes of the Fronde, the town of Orleans, belonging to the Duke, her father, was on the point of submitting to the party of the King. Mademoiselle, on this intelligence, immediately quitted Paris, and marching in person at the head of a small number of troops, forced the inhabitants to open their gates and join the Parliament, whose cause her father had espoused. Mademoiselle had probably been provoked to oppose the court in resentment for a recent mortification: suspected of a secret matrimonial negotiation with the archduke, she had been publicly reprimanded by her grandmother in the council chamber, whence she retired full of indignation, and meditating vengeance for the affront she had received.

Having returned to Paris after her martial exploit, she passed thence to Etampes; where, having reviewed the parliament troops and those of the Prince of Conde, she gave battle to marshal Turenne, who commanded the royal army. In this engagement, perhaps too unequal, she suffered a defeat. Disconcerted by this blow, she negotiated for assistance with Spain; and advancing at the head of 6000 Spaniards, encamped close to *La Porte St. Antoine*, one of the gates of Paris, defended by the forces of the King. At the head of her troops Mademoiselle ascended the Bastille, and, seizing the canon placed on the ramparts, turned them against the enemy, whom, having drove back, she entered the city in triumph.

Cardinal Mazarine, who knew the ambition of Mademoiselle to espouse a sovereign prince, said, on this occasion, in his bad French, '*Elle a tue son marie*;' ('she has killed her husband'), a prediction which he took care should be verified.

Our heroine was at length obliged to resign her laurels, and submit to a stronger power. Banished by the King to her estate at St. Fargeau, she passed some years in discontent, disgraced at court, and involved in a contention with her father respecting her mother's property, a part of which she had been entitled to or her coming of age. These differences being at length accommodated, she returned to court, and was well received. Disappointed in her hope of marrying the Arch-duke, she rejected the Kings of Portugal and of England, with several other Princes, who solicited her alliance. At the age of forty-five she became attached to Mons. de Lauzun, Captain of the King's Garde de Corps, whom she was desirous to espouse, and obtained the consent of Louis XIV. to the marriage. Mademoiselle and her lover received the compliments of all France on this occasion. The contract was drawn up and magnificent preparations made for the nuptials, when the king, on the representations of the princes of the blood, who considered this alliance as humiliating, was induced to retract his consent, and to refuse his signature to the contract.

Mademoiselle was sensibly affected by the dissolution of the engagement and the failure of her hopes, while de Lauzun, who lost a princely fortune, loudly complained. It was the opinion of many that the lovers had concluded a secret marriage, when, a short time after, de Lauzun was precipitated from the favour of the king, and thrown into prison, where he remained ten years. His liberty was then obtained through the intercession and sacrifices of Mademoiselle; who purchased his freedom by the surrender of a large part of her estates to the Duke du Maine, natural son of Louis XIV. and of Mad. de Montespan. Mons. de Lauzun ill repaid his benefactress for her constancy and generosity. He assumed on his liberation the authority of a husband, and treated the princess with tyranny and hauteur. The affection of Mademoiselle for this ungenerous man enabled her for some time to endure his imperious manners, till, with the insolence and ingratitude of a vulgar mind, he exceeded the limits of forbearance, and converted her attachment into disgust. Returning one day from the chace—'Henriette de Bourbon,' exclaimed he, angrily, 'come and draw off my boots.' The unfortunate Henrietta, remonstrating on the impropriety and cruelty of his conduct, he made an effort to strike her with his foot. This insult was not to be borne: Mademoiselle, resuming, with the pride and spirit which belonged to her character, the privileges of her birth and rank, insisted on his withdrawing from her presence, and forbade him to see her again.

Justified by her birth, her fortunes, her connexions, and her talents, in the most aspiring views, the life of Henrietta of Bourbon exhibited a series of vexations, disappointments, and mortifications. She died in 1693, leaving memoirs of her own life and times, in six volumes, with other writings, principally on subjects of religion and morals, composed at an advanced period of life. Her portrait and character are drawn in the fashion of the times, by her own pen, with apparent truth and modesty.

'I could wish,' said she 'that I had been more indebted to nature and less to art: I am sensible that my defects are not few, and I purpose to speak of myself

with a sincerity which, I trust, with my friends will in some degree palliate them. It would hurt me to be pitied, therefore I ask it not: rallery would be more agreeable to me, of which envy is often the source, and which is seldom used but against persons of merit. Called upon by my friends to draw my own character, I will begin with my exterior. My shape is good and easy; my aspect open; my neck rather handsome; good hands and arms, but not fine. My legs are straight, and my feet well made. My hair a fine ash colour; my face long; my nose large and aquiline; my mouth neither large nor small, but well proportioned, with lips of a good colour. My teeth, though not fine, are far from bad. My eyes are light blue, clear, and sparkling. My air stately, but not haughty. I dress negligently, but not slovenly, which I abhor: whether in dishabille or magnificently apparelled I preserve the same air of consequence. Negligence of dress does not misbecome me; and I may venture to say, I disfigure the ornaments I put on, less than they embellish me. I am civil and familiar, but not more so than is consistent with commanding respect. I talk a great deal without using a foolish, vulgar, or uncouth expression. By never speaking on any subject I do not well understand, I avoid the error of great talkers, who, over-rating their own abilities, are apt to despise those of others. I confess I love praise; and seek eagerly occasions to acquire it; on this subject perhaps I am the most vulnerable to rallery. There is nothing on which I pique myself so much as on constancy in friendship; when I am so fortunate as to find persons who merit my esteem, I am a real and steady friend. Nothing can equal my fidelity towards those I have professed to love: would to God I had found in others the same sentiment! From this disposition I bear impatiently the levity of my acquaintance. To repose confidence in me gains above all things upon my regard: I consider confidence as the highest mark of esteem, and I am secret to excess. I am a dangerous enemy; I resent warmly, and do not easily pardon. This vindictive temper, joined to my influence and high station, has made my enemies tremble; but I possess also a noble and an upright mind, incapable of base or criminal actions. I am of a melancholy turn of mind, and prefer solid and serious books to lighter compositions, which soon weary me. My judgment of the merit of an author is perhaps not less just than that of those who boast more learning. I love the conversation of men of sense, and can endure without lassitude those who are less entertaining, since my rank imposes on them some constraint. Though not always amused, I am seldom offended. I discern and esteem all persons of merit, of whatever profession, but I greatly prefer military men. On the subject of war I converse with pleasure, for, with great personal courage, I have much ambition. My resolutions are suddenly taken and firmly kept. I feel so much indifference for some things in the world, so much contempt for others, and entertain so good an opinion of myself, that I would choose rather to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, than impose the least constraint on my humour, however advantageous it might be to my fortune. I love best to be alone. I have no great complaisance, though I expect a great deal. I love to provoke and irritate, though sometimes I can oblige. I am not fond of diversions, neither do I trouble myself to procure them for others. Of all instruments of music, I prefer the violin. I did love dancing, and danced well. I hate cards; love games of exercise; am a proficient in all kinds of needle-work; and am fond of riding on horseback. I am more sensible to grief than to joy, possibly from having had more acquaintance with the former, but it is difficult to distinguish with which I am affected; for, though no comedian, I am too much mistress of my looks and actions to discover to those about me more than I choose they should know. I am at all times self-possessed. The vexations and chagrin which I have suffered would have killed any other than myself; but God has been merciful and good in endowing me with sufficient strength to sustain the misery which he has allotted to me. Nothing fatigues, dejects, or discourages me. Though I sincerely wish to be so, I am not devout. Though indifferent to the world, I do not, I fear, sufficiently despise it, wholly to detach myself from it; since I have not enrolled myself among the number of those, who by quitting it, prove their contempt. Self-love is not requisite to become devout. I am naturally distrustful and suspicious. I love order even in the minutest article. I know not whether I am liberal, but I know well that I love magnificence and pomp, and give generously to men of merit, and to those whom I regard; but, as on these occasions I am guided by my fancy, I know not whether the term liberal would be properly applied to me, however I feel a pleasure in doing everything of this kind in the handsomest manner. I have no inclination for gallantry, nor do I possess any great tenderness of soul; I am less sensible to love than to friendship. I like to know what passes in the world, without the trouble of mixing with it. I have a great memory, and form a tolerably good judgment of most things. No one will, I hope, be so rash as to attribute to a defect of judgment the misfortunes I have suffered; were fortune guided by judgment or justice, she would certainly have treated me better."

This lady's confessions, though not free from contradiction, have an air of ingenuousness. Her love of "pomp and magnificence" was probably her real character: her indifference and contempt for the world the offspring of disappointment.

CRICKET, TENNIS, FIVES, AND BOWLING.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

SIR,

Your leading article on cricket the other day has fairly "turned me round,"—to use an expression of a faithful old servant of mine, when anything extraordinary assails him. I have no wish, however, to trouble you with anything I have to say; the *Cacoethes scribendi* which once raged within me when politics ran high, and the court was corrupt, and Jeffreys *redivivus* sat in the judgment seat, (none of these things exist now!) and certain evils befel a certain person and an uncompromising kinsman of his, whom the honest and brilliant Hazlitt called "a patriot without an eye to himself," has long ceased to trouble me; but if you are to go on at this rate, calling up one's sympathies in every imaginable way, reviving all one's old and most delightful recollections, and giving them the freshness and vigour of youth, why, you must take the consequences—that's all. You are only arrived at your eighth number (may you live to write and I to read a million), yet I protest you have written more provoking things than any man in England, since the vexatious close of the *Indicator* and *Companion*. You may well say that letters have showered upon you like April blossoms, and if you don't revoke your invitation to contributors contained in your second number, take care the blossoms don't smother you.

Sir, I am an old cricketer, and have been not a little delighted with your remarks on that noble game, and offer you my thanks for the greater publicity you have given to that admirable book, "The Young Cricketer's Tutor." This book ought to become national property, and the government should lose no time in seeing that a copy of it is put into the hands of every lad in Great Britain above ten years of age, and should recommend to parliament to grant a piece of ground in every town and village in the kingdom for the use of its inhabitants, expressly for cricket and other games. If there be one member of parliament who desires to live for ages in the minds of a grateful posterity, let him set about carrying a measure of this sort, and when accomplished, ten years would not elapse before this country would exhibit a very different race of men to those which are now found either in our manufacturing or agricultural districts.

To every cricket ground I would by all means attach a Fives Court and a Tennis Court. Both these games, notwithstanding the fascination which Miss Mitford and Messrs. Nyren and Clarke have thrown around the game of cricket, are more calculated to improve a man's digestion, drive the blue devils out of his head, rub a wrinkle out of his heart, and the rheumatism out of his bones, than even the noble game of cricket. You have said, that it is not in every one's power to become a cricketer—true; but it is in every one's power, who is able to stand on his legs, to play both the game of Fives and Tennis. The degree of skill, of course, will depend on the taste, activity, and practice of the party. Again, unless the cricket ground is tolerably dry, and the temperature of the atmosphere moderate, the pleasure of the game is materially lessened, to say nothing of the evil to be apprehended from cold. Now if a Fives or Tennis Court be probably laid down, in ten minutes after a shower of rain it is fit to play on, and barring a deep snow, I know of nothing which need prevent these games being played from January to December; whereas, the finest county in England will hardly admit of cricket being played more than six months in the year, say from May to October. What is a man like myself, and I am afraid I am one of a large class in this country, who has a family to provide for, whose business is nearly profitless, subject as I am to "all the skyeey influences," and hypochondriacal withal, what, I say, am I to do for vigorous exercise from October to May? Shall I be able with a game of cricket, say twice a week during the summer months, to get a sufficient stock of physical health for my occupation during the six winter months, when the country no longer affords its delicious pleasures? I have never yet been able to do it; and the health and spirits I now enjoy I attribute more to the manly invigorating exercise of Fives and Tennis, than either to cricket or horse exercise.

If these remarks are worthy of appearing in your most interesting Journal, insert them, and you will gratify one of your oldest acquaintances.

H.

Birmingham, May 26, 1834.

* * * We heartily agree in these matters with our correspondent, who has gratified us much by his friendly letter, and made us feel the old acquaintance-ship, though we have not the pleasure of knowing who he is. He will not object to our adding a word in favour of the now despised, but once fashionable game of *bowls*,—bowls, the pastime of the wits of the court of Charles the Second, and the nobler spirits of his father's court, and of Cromwell's,—now reduced to the exclusive patronage of the frequenters of public houses; and very lucky and sensible they are in retaining it. It is a game that may be practised in all weathers, rain or shine, under cover or out of it, and by all sorts of people, robust or delicate; for even the weakest, who could not stoop, might have the bowl fetched to them; and in a little time they would

feel their strength returning. We have seen the beautiful bowling-grounds still existing in the venerable old grounds of the most celebrated English families, and have mourned to think how melancholy they looked in their forlornness, and how much melancholy they might have prevented, had the frivolous hand of fashion been taught to know better than to despoil them. But we must have a separate "article" on this subject, and recommend H. to think of it meantime, and prepare (we hope) to second our endeavours in its behalf. We agree with him as to the merits of tennis and fives, and all other manly games; but bowls has this advantage over most of them, that it can be played in almost any place, and suits people of all ages, sizes, and conditions.

KENTUCKY AND THE SPORTS THERE.

THESE are the rough sports of a roughly formed settlement. And livelier ones remain untold, such as Mr. Audubon (for it is from him we quote) does not think it might have been equally in keeping to detail to his "kind readers;" to wit, such as squeezing men's eyes out, biting off their noses, and other small evidences of a robust and primitive state of the social compact, and of "roughing it" through the world.

Kentucky (says Mr. A.) was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the Western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts further into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless, the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the old Virginians, as the desire so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation lands that have for unknown ages teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the redskins was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boone. The richness of the soil, its magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, its saltpetre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herds of buffalo and deer that browsed on its hills and amidst its charming valleys, afforded ample inducement to the new settlers, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes, which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged towards the Ohio. An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for the equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new state, assured that, in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants must at once have proved the vigour of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. Their cattle would often stay amid the rich pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days. To these troubles added the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampment, by the prowling and ruthless Indians, while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed, before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called *stations*. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their waggons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was cut through the woods by their own axes, the day before their advance; and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for the encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps as they approached, and the sound of merriment that soothed their ears assuring them all was well. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes already prepared were deposited in their proper places, and under the rich dripping of the juicy roast, were quickly baked. The waggons contained the bedding, and whilst the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth

of the woods, some perhaps hopped, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their necks, to guide their owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled, the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous society, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and though it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared arks, pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attacks of the Indians, who watched their motions. Many travellers have described these boats, formerly called *arks*, but now named *flat-boats*. But have they told you, kind reader, that in those days, a boat thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric; that this boat contained men, women, and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, waggons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, which themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats contained the little all of each family of venturesome emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians under night moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travellers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and indeed have always wished the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add, that in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports still enjoyed in that happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *bark off* squirrels one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night snuffing a candle at the distance of fifty yards, off hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool, as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined.

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sports, I shall present you with the result of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping it*, and places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail, and should the shooters amount to half-a-dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjoin to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *Driving the Nail*.

Barking off squirrels is delightful sport, and in my

opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels whilst near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black-walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mass was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gambolling on every tree round us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a home-spun hunting shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to shew me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the *bead*, (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boon kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boon, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen of tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising, for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torchlight, of which I shall give you an account somewhere else. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance, which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurras. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every thinly-peopled portion of the state, it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bull's eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or dispatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the state is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is first able to shoulder it until the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring their subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.

TRAGICAL DISAPPEARANCES FROM LIGHT AND LIFE.

THE following concentrated heap of tragical circumstances,—much melancholy in a little compass—is from the book mentioned in our last, entitled “Six Weeks on the Loire.” It begins with frightful private evidences of public tyranny, and ends with some tragedies of a different sort, unintentional, unmalignant, and relieved by the very youth and gentleness of the parties. We never met with a more complete *blossom* of tragedy (if we may so term it) than the account of the poor girl who perished in the height of her health and spirits while leaping over an unseen abyss to catch at an almond tree.

Chinon is on the right bank of the Vienne, and is sheltered between craggy hills; on the top of the loftiest of which, are the remains of the once formidable castle, which for a thousand years held the surrounding country in awe. It was the favourite residence of Henry the Second of England, and the scene of his last moments in 1189, when, broken hearted by the undutiful conduct of his children, he left the world with a malediction on them upon his lips. And here, ten years afterwards, his son, the lion-hearted Richard, closed his valiant career, and his giant-like ambition in the narrow precincts of the grave. This castle was the chosen abode of Charles the Seventh. The apartments he inhabited are still in tolerable preservation, as is also the room in which Joan of Arc was introduced into his presence, and selecting him, in his assumed disguise, from the nobles by whom he was surrounded, declared to him her divine mission. Here likewise it was that his unnatural son, Louis the Eleventh, whilst yet Dauphin, dared to propose the assassination of his parent to the Comte de Chabannes, the favourite minister, who had virtue enough to shrink from the horrible crime, and revealed the intention to his royal master. The dismal “*oubliettes*” may still be traced, close behind the fire-place, in the principal sitting-room; so that the haughty prince might be stretching his legs over the fire, with the utmost *nonchalance*, at the moment that the wretch who had offended him, might be precipitated, at his very side, into this horrid grave. Alas! that history should have recorded this to have actually been the case, with that mirror of chivalrous honour, Francis the First, in company with one of his mistresses; but having seen such incontrovertible proof of the monstrous cruelty of the ages of despotism, I can now believe almost anything that is told of them; and amongst the rest the account of a French writer, which, before, I thought only adapted for the pages of a romance.

“The chamber which this monarch occupied,” says he, speaking of Louis the Eleventh, at the Chateau des Loches, “was exactly over the frightful dungeons in which the unfortunates, cast in by his orders, languished. What reflections could a king make, thus taking up his abode above the horrible vaults from which the last sighs of his expiring victims were breathed. What hope of pardon for these despairing wretches, when he alone who had the power of granting it, could thus unfeeling repose over the spot where they were suffering! A considerable time after the death of Louis the Eleventh, a captain of the name of Pontbriant, governor of the chateau, discovered an iron door which he caused to be opened, and traced by the light of flambeaus, the subterranean passages, the entrance to which its purport was to close. After advancing a little way, he perceived a second iron door which was opened, as the first; he then penetrated into a vast dungeon, at the extremity of which he beheld, exactly under the apartments of Louis the Eleventh, a man sitting on a stone bench, leaning his head on his hand. No doubt the unhappy wretch had died in this position of famine and despair! There was nothing near him excepting some linen in a small trunk. Pontbriant approached and touched him; but only a hideous skeleton, of large proportion, remained beneath his hand, at the pressure of which, slight as it must have been, the flesh and garments had instantly fallen to the earth a heap of dust!”—It is natural enough that tyrants should be cowards: the castle of Chinon, like most of the same period, has several subterranean passages, to favour escape in case of any sudden attack. One, in the corner of the king's dormitory, ran not only to the river, but under the bed of it to a chateau on the other side, within sight of the castle, and thence to another; it is said at twelve miles distance. What a picture might the imagination draw of a blood-stained, conscience-stricken monarch, thus flying by torch-light through the very bowels of the earth; fear leading the way—hate pursuing him! whilst above, in the blessed sunshine and pure breezes of heaven, the shepherd throws himself on the enamelled turf

“With all his little flock at feed before him,”

ignorant alike of the troubles and crimes of the great. But enough of horrors! It is only the powerful impression objects so new to me, in England happily unseen, unthought of, made upon my fancy, that can excuse me to myself, for having dwelt upon them so long. How different, how peaceful now the scene around! From the *Tour d'Argenton*, once communicating by a secret passage to the *Maison Roberdeau*, where the beautiful Agnes Sorel resided when Charles the Seventh was at the castle, from this tower we overlook the windings of the clear Vienne, the verdant banks of the Loire, the promontory of Landes, and the distant castle of Saumur, with a vast extent of country, all uniting in abundance and security. The interior of the quadrangle is laid out in garden grounds, watered by a well two hundred and forty-eight feet deep. This well was eight years ago, the scene of a most calamitous accident: the mouth of it was by most unpardonable negligence left open, with only a temporary covering of straw over it; so much worse than nothing, as it hid the appearance of danger. Hanging over the aperture was an almond tree, which luxuriant in blossom, caught the attention of a young lady, the boast of La Touraine for her beauty, and the only child of wealthy parents, who with their daughter, and a few friends had come from some distance on an excursion of pleasure, to explore the remains of the castle—her eyes fixed on the fragrant flower above her

head, she thought not of the cavity beneath, she sprang forward in youthful hilarity, to catch the branch—her foot touched the straw, in an instant she disappeared, and was no more! Thus, without a moments warning of her fate, realizing in days of peace and refinement, the barbarous death of the "oubliettes" in the darkest ages of cruelty.

This sad recital reminded me of a similar misfortune in England, within the same period, which bereaved a professional gentleman and his wife of their only daughter, in the bloom of youth and full of charms and talents. It was in the romantic precincts of Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, that he went with her affianced lover and a party of young friends, to enjoy the wild beauties of those unspoiled scenes of nature. At the well-known spot called the Strid, where the river wharf rushes between a cleft rock not more than six or eight feet in width, the young lady stopped an instant to look down the abyss, her companions turned round, they saw her not. It was supposed that giddy with the sight, she had fallen forward, and was engulfed by the deep and fearful current; as the youthful heir of Egremont had been, seven hundred years before; drawn into it by the starting back of his greyhound, with whom he had attempted to leap the narrow space which was to serve him as the boundary between himself and eternity.

MORE THOUGHTS "ON A STONE."

(For the London Journal.)

"Honoured therefore be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane; and whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in, and all of which it is capable."—*London Journal*, page 10.

AND is not the subject exhausted? has not the poet, the philanthropist, the lover of his species, said all that can be said upon a stone? Gentle reader, bear with me, and I will shew thee that this misshapen mass, this mere flint, is an inexhaustible source of interest to the contemplative mind. Well might our immortal Shakespeare talk of "Sermons in stones," and Lavater exclaim that "Every grain of sand is an immensity," and the Author of Contemplations of Nature remark, that "There is no picking up a pebble by the brook-side without finding all nature in connexion with it." I shall confine my remarks to a *flint* pebble, as being the kind of stone familiar to every one. The flint which I now hold in my hand was picked up in yonder torrent that is dashing down the side of the hill, and winding its way through that beautiful valley, and over those

Rocks and mounds confus'dly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world,

which partially filling up the chasm, and obstructing the rushing waters, give rise to those gentle murmurings which are so inexpressibly soothing and delightful to the soul.

Upon examining this stone, I perceive that it is but a fragment of a much larger mass; and, as its surface is smooth and rounded, the angles being worn off by attrition, it has manifestly been transported from a distance. I follow the stream to its source near the summit of the hill, and find that the waters issue from a bed of gravel and stones which forms the eminence upon which I now stand, being nearly 600 feet above the level of the British Channel, which is almost a mile distant. From this bed of flints our specimen has evidently been removed by the spring, and carried down to the spot where it first attracted our notice: but we are yet very far from having ascertained its origin. The bed of stones on the summit of this hill is clearly but an accumulation of water-worn materials—an ancient sea-beach, consisting of chalk-flints that have been detached from their parent bed, and broken, and mounded, and heaped together. We are certain of this, because we know that flints cannot grow; that they must be formed in hollows or fissures of other stones; and upon inspecting our specimen more minutely, we are certain not only that such was the case, but also that it was formed in chalk, for it contains impressions of shells and corals, that are found only in that rock. Here too, another wonderful fact presents itself: this flint, now so hard and unyielding, was once in a state of softness or fluidity, for we have the most delicate markings of the sea-hedgehog (*echinite*) impressed on its surface; and, here too, is a fragile shell covered with spines partially imbedded in it; nay more, upon breaking off one end, we perceive that a sponge is enveloped in the substance of the flint, as well as several minute corals, with here and there scales of fishes! What a "Medal of Creation" is here! what a page of Nature's volume to interpret! what startling reflections crowd upon the mind!—To avoid confusion, we must reverse the order of our enquiry, and first contemplate the formation of the flint in its parent bed. The chalk, that beautiful white stone, which, as an American friend, who saw it for the first time observed, is so like an artificial production, abounds in sea-shells, corals, the remains of fishes, crabs, lobsters, and reptiles, all of which differ essentially from the living species, although a few of them resemble in some particulars certain shells and corals of the seas of hot climates. These remains are found in so perfect a state, the shells with all their spines and delicate processes and the fishes with their

forms so entire, that no doubt can be entertained that they were not only surrounded by the chalk while living in their native seas, but also that they were entombed in their stony sepulchres suddenly, and while the chalk was in the state of liquid plaster of Paris. Now the flint occurs in the chalk in various forms: sometimes in nodules or irregularly formed globular masses; sometimes in continuous layers or veins, either horizontal or oblique; the former have generally shells, corals, or other zoophytes as a nucleus, as in the specimens before us: while the latter occupy fissures in the chalk rock. The chalk is stratified; that is, it is separated into layers, as if a certain quantity had been poured out, and had sunk to the bottom of the sea, enveloping the animals that fell in its way, and this layer had consolidated before a fresh mass was superposed. There is conclusive evidence that the flint and chalk were dissolved in this same liquid, and thrown down together, the two substances separating (upon well known chemical principles) as they became solid, the organic bodies serving as nuclei, to which the siliceous particles attached themselves: hence we often find a shell or a fish partly imbedded in chalk, and partly in flint. We may further add, that we know the chalk (at least of the south of England,) was not only formed in a sea, but at the bottom of a very deep sea; for the ammonites or snake-stones which, like the recent nautilus, were inhabitants of deep waters, abound in it. These shells, which are only known in a fossil state, were very abundant in the ancient seas of our globe: those of Whitby are well known.

Thus the nuns of Whitby told,
How a thousand snakes each one,
Was chang'd into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd:
Themselves within their sacred mound,
Their stony folds had often found.

Sir W. Scott.

Our flint, then, we see, was once fluid, and being poured out (probably in thermal waters) into a deep ocean inhabited by myriads of beings, some of which are not known to exist, became consolidated and surrounded by the chalk, entangling the shells, corals, and other remains which are now embedded in it. Thus much for its origin;—how came it dislodged from its rocky envelopment, cast up from the depths of the ocean, and deposited upon yonder mountain? If we stroll along the sea-shore, we shall solve some of these inquiries, for—

There is a language by the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar!

The incessant dashing of the waves against the base of the chalk cliffs, undermines the rock, and huge masses are constantly giving way and falling into the waters: the chalk becomes softened, and finally transported to the tranquil depths of the ocean, to form new deposits; and the flints being detached are broken and rolled by attrition into the state of brack and gravel, and ultimately of sand. But this could not take place if the chalk were at the bottom of the deep sea where it was originally deposited: it is therefore manifest that the bed of the chalk ocean has been broken up, and great portions of it elevated to the situations which they now occupy, at some remote period of the earth's history; and in the like manner has the ancient sea-beach been lifted up to its present elevation of several hundred feet above the level of the sea. Every part of the earth's surface presents incontrovertible proofs that the elevation of the bottom of the deep in some places, and the subsidence of the dry land in others, has been and is still going on; and that in truth this mutability of the surface is the effect of one of those laws which the Author of the Universe has impressed on matter, and thus rendered it capable of eternal renovation.

Art, Empire, Earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

We conclude these remarks with the following magnificent lines of Lord Byron, which embody the startling fact, that inquiries of this kind have established,—namely, that if the character of immutability be applicable to any thing in this world, it is to the ocean, and not to the land!

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them while they yet were free,
And many a tyrant since their shores obey,
The stranger, slave, and savage: their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Brighton, May, 1834.

MR. MORIER'S NEW NOVEL, "AYESHA, THE MAID OF KARS."

Though the plot of this novel is explained in the following abstract, it is not told; the details of it are not anticipated. The curiosity of the reader, therefore,

is still kept fresh for a thorough perusal—nay, we trust, is additionally excited.

Lord Osmond, the heir of a noble English family, is about to return home after long travelling and residing in the East. Perfectly familiar with Oriental customs, and wearing the costume of the country, he is hardly to be distinguished from a veritable Osmanli. His personal attendants are Anastassio, or, more familiarly, Stasso, and Mustafa, Tatar, or courier. Arriving at Kars, his horse falls with him, and the accident draws a compassionate exclamation from a beautiful Turkish girl, who enters the house next door to the Armenian's, with whom he is to lodge. He eventually obtains an interview with her, and a mutual attachment arises. Their intercourse is discovered, and he is lodged in prison. From prison he escapes by the aid of a Yezidi, an officer of Kara Bey. After his departure his effects are seized by the Pacha of Kars, and overhauled in full divan.

"Many were the mistakes which occurred." They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they spilt the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be re-inserted in the case. A small ivory box attracted their attention; it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the Mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank's inkstand—the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out, and on a sudden instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the shaitan in person. "Al Allah!" he exclaimed with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hand clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back—"Allah protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!" he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry, which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it: looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror, low "Allah, Allah!" broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the Mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suliman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness; he was entreated, in the name of the Prophet! to put it down again by the Pacha, who then ordered Bogos, the Armenian, to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river; swearing by the Koran and by all the Imams, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him, but every Armenian and Christian in Kars, to death.

"The Yezidies, or worshipers of Satan, as they are frequently called, are one of the numerous sects which were formed in Mesopotamia among the Mussulmans after the death of their prophet, and extended themselves more particularly among that ancient people, the Kurds. They constitute a curious chapter in the history of man. Their founder was Sheikh Yezid, the declared enemy of the family of Ali. The doctrine they profess is a mixture of Manichæism, Mahomedanism, and the religion of the ancient Persians. It is preserved by oral tradition, reading and writing not being allowed among them.

"By the true believers they are looked upon as accursed; their names are synonymous with phlegms, barbarians, and men of blood. Owing to the want of written records it is very difficult to procure any accurate information concerning them as they preserve great secrecy in matters of religion. The general report is, that the first principal of the Yezidies is to ensure the friendship of the Devil, and to defend his interest by the sword. They never mention his name, and even adopt all sorts of circumlocution rather than pronounce any word or sound which expresses it. Whoever approaches their habitations must be careful not to pronounce the word Shaitan and Lahnet-devil and accursed, for fear of being ill treated, or even put to death. The evil spirit has no precise name in their language. They designate him as the Sheikh Mara, or the great chief. They admit the prophets and the saints revered by Christians, and respect the monasteries bearing their names, situated within their territories. They believe that all such holy personages, when they lived on earth, were more or less distinguished according as the Devil was pleased to notice them. In a word, they affirm that it is God who ordains; but that he delivers over the man-

tion of his orders to the Devil. In the morning, as soon as the sun appears, they fall on their knees, their feet being naked, with their faces towards that luminary, and worship him touching the ground with their foreheads; and this they do in all secrecy. They keep no fasts, and say no prayers; and to justify this omission, they assert that their Sheikh Yezid, has in his own person made sufficient atonement until the end of the world, that he received a positive assurance of this in the revelation made to him, and that therefore it is prohibited to them to learn to read and write. Nevertheless every chief of a tribe, and all large villages, pay a Mahomedan scribe to read any letters which may be received from Turks and men in authority. Whatever regards their own immediate concerns is always performed by word of mouth, conveyed by messengers of their own sect.

"Without prayers, without fasts without rites, they have no religious festivals, except one on the 10th of August, when they assemble in great numbers in the neighbourhood of Sheikh Adi. At that time many Yezidies come from the most distant points; the festival lasts all that day and the night following; and during their passage to the place of congregation they do not scruple to rob and plunder. Married women go in numbers to the surrounding villages; and on that night, it is said, after having eaten and drunk their fill, the lights are extinguished and nothing more is said until the morning. They eat every thing without discrimination, except lettuce and pumpkins; they only bake barley bread. They use indiscriminately the same form of oaths as Turks, Christians, and Jews, but their great oath is 'By the standard of Yezid.'

"The Yezidies recognise for the chief of their religion the Sheikh who governs the tribe, to whom is confided the care of the tomb of Adi, the restorer of their sect. This tomb is in the jurisdiction of the governor of Amadiyah. The chief of this tribe must always be chosen from among the descendants of Yezid. The respect which is paid him by his adherents is such that they are charmed if they can obtain one of his old shirts as a winding sheet; they think they shall be well off in the next world with such an appendage. Some snobs will even give forty piastres for such a relic—a remnant suffices, if they cannot procure a whole shirt. When he wishes to confer a peculiar favour, he sends an old shirt as a present. The Yezidies convey to him secretly a portion of their robbery and plunder, by way of indemnification for the hospitality he exercises towards the individuals of his own sect.

"The chief of the Yezidies always keeps near him another personage, who is called Kotchek, and without whose advice he does not venture to do anything. This man is looked upon as the oracle of the chief, because he is said to enjoy the privilege of being the immediate recipient of the devil's communications. When any Yezidi is in doubt whether he should engage in an important affair or not, he seeks the advice of the Kotchek, which, however, is not given to him without a consideration. Before the Kotchek affords his advice in order to give the utmost weight to his answer, he extends himself at full length on the ground, and covering himself over, he either sleeps, or pretends to sleep, after which he communicates what has been revealed to him, and the decision is made. Sometimes he takes a long while to consider. * * *

"The Yezidies, as a race, are one of the most cruel and sanguinary that are known in Asia; for it is generally reported of them that in war, particularly in their petty differences with the Turks, whenever they make prisoners, they give no quarter, but put every one to death without discrimination. At the same time they are the greatest moral dastards and cowards, because, according as their interest may impel them, they do not hesitate to call them Mahomedans, Christians, or Jews, as may best suit their purpose at the moment. They pretend to hold in great veneration the Koran, the Gospel, the books of Moses, and the Psalms; and although they may be convicted of being Yezidies, yet they swear through thick and thin that they are not, and, for the time being, abjure real faith."

Cara Bey, with whom Osmond takes refuge from the authority of Kars, is an influential chief of this barbarous people; and a sort of epitome of their qualities. Osmond finds him reclining upon cushions spread upon the ground. "His countenance seemed as if the rallying point of every evil passion; he looked the very personification of wickedness. He was rather inclined to be fat and bloated; but his cheeks were pale and livid, his forehead of a marble whiteness, whilst the lower part of the face was dark and blue. The nose was strongly arched, the mouth drawn down and full, with two strong lines on either side, and the cheek bones broad—but it was the eyes which gave the look of the demon to the whole. Their brilliancy was almost superhuman; it might be said, 'they flashed intolerable day;' they shone through the shade of an overhanging brow, like torches within a cavern. There was an obliquity in their look which produced deformity and gave a cast of villainy to their expression—had they been well matched, they would have been accounted beautiful. And, withal, the settled tone of the features was a fixed smile. He was remarkable for a scowl on the brow, and a smile on the lip—a smile denoting contempt of everything good, which did not vanish even at the sight of inflicted tortures and agonizing death. Such was the man before whom Osmond stood, and this was Cara Bey. In his person he was tall and muscular, and the breadth

of his shoulders, and the deepness of his chest, spoke for his strength."

Osmond is compelled by Cara Bey to accompany him in an expedition against a neighbouring Russian garrison; where he is chiefly instrumental in capturing Ivanovitch, a young Russian officer. On their return to the castle, Osmond is suddenly and unexpectedly confined in an empty apartment. In the same room is a dry well, down which Ivanovitch is lowered. Osmond, to his great horror, hears that Cara Bey is about to abduct Ayesha, and poison himself in a pilau. When the ruffian returns from Kars with his prize, the rich pilau is sent. Osmond's friend, Hassan, who had brought him to the castle, sends him a key in the poisoned dish, which is to effect his deliverance. Instead of leaving the castle himself, he affords Ivanovitch the means of egress and ingress, by means of this key, and the officer returns with a party of soldiers, and takes possession of Cara Bey's person and castle. With their prisoners they depart for the Russian encampment, where the criminal is branded and set free. Osmond and his friends embark for Constantinople. Their bark is peculiar: it is called "a saigue, was square rigged, and had two masts and a bowsprit. She could hoist two sails upon each, and one on the bowsprit; occasionally she could also display a trinquette over the mainsail; but the usual practice is only to hoist one sail on either mast. The masts were secured by backstays, but were without shrouds, the only method of ascending being by a small ladder up the sides. There were two cabins astern, one of which was occupied by Osmond, the other by Ayesha, her mother, and Mariam. Of the cabins constructed on the fore-castle, was made over to Stasso and Mustafa, and the remainder were taken up by passengers. On the poop, close to the mizen, was erected a small wooden kiosk, only carpeted and cushioned, which was the peculiar property of the Reis, or captain. What we call a quarter gallery, was a sort of circular cage, which hooked on at pleasure on any exterior part of the ship. Altogether, she was as rude a specimen of a vessel as could be seen in modern times, and the only wonder was how she was ever got where she now floated. * * *

"Osmond was anxious not to be detained, but he had to do with men to whom the meaning of the words, 'being in a hurry,' was unknown; * * *

"The only answer which he could ever obtain from the captain was, 'Yavash, yavash,—slowly, slow,—or 'Bakalun,—we shall see,'—or 'Inshallah,—if it pleases God!' He was an old weather beaten personage, with red cheeks and a white beard, whose legs had grown quite arched from being constantly seated tailor-like on the deck, and whose eyes had sunk deep into his head from gazing at the weather. Though Osmond insisted that the wind was now as fair as it could blow, all the answer he got was, 'Let us see how it will be to-morrow.' With such a person, all that could be done was to adopt the Persian's philosophy—to spread the carpet of hope, and smoke the pipe of expectation. * * *

"Oghour Allah!—a good passage to you, Omar Reis," (for that was the captain's name,) said Osmond, accosting him with that familiarity of manner which is most likely to win a sailor.

"May Allah give us success, friend!" answered he, "Please heaven, we shall get on well."

"Inshallah!" answered Osmond.

"Inshallah!" repeated the Reis.

"Are we likely to have a good passage?" inquired Osmond.

"What can I say?" answered the other. Kismet—fate! We are in God's hands. The wind is fair, please God it will last."

"Whither are you steering now?" inquired Osmond, finding that they were out of sight of land.

"To Sinope, Inshallah!" said the old man, extending his hand right a-head.

"By what point are you steering?"

"By what point?" inquired Omar; "what do I know? by the way I have always gone. Don't I know that there lies Trebisond?" pointing with his left hand on the larboard beam; "and don't I know that Caffa is there?" pointing with his right hand. "Besides, have I not my compass?"

"Ah, the compass! do you ever steer by compass?" said Osmond. "Ewallah!—To be sure!" said the old man, in great exultation, expecting to surprise the Frank by his knowledge; then, calling for the compass which was kept in a square box, he placed them before them, and pointed to the fleur-de-lis on the index, "There, that is north: here is south: on this side is east, and on that west. This is the direction of the blessed Mecca. We—praise be to the Prophet!—we know many things!"

"But have you no chart?"

"We have no chart," said the old man.

"Then what is the use of a compass?" replied Osmond.

"Of what use is it?" said Omar. "I have always done very well without a chart; my father did very well before me; and my grandfather before him. After that, what can you want more? Give me only wind—I want nothing more; after all that is the father and mother of sailors; charts are *bosh*—nothing!"

"But were you to meet with a fortuna—a tempest, what would you do then? you ought to know where you are."

"Inshallah!" said the Reis, with a sigh, "we shall have no fortuna! Allah buyuk der!—God is great!"

"Are the gales violent in this sea?" asked Osmond.

"What can I say?" said Omar, evidently wishing to

waive the subject, pulling his jacket over his breast, and looking miserable at the very thought. "Inshallah! we shall have no gale! Allah kerim der!—God is merciful!" he repeated several times, with great seriousness, at the same time shaking his head, and throwing his eyes up to heaven. "Inshallah! fortuna yok!—we shall have no tempest!"

The captain is deceived by his hopes; they have a tempest, and his despair is almost as inactive as his hopefulness. The vessel is saved by the exertions of Osmond. During the storm he discovers that Cara Bey is on board; and with difficulty saves him from the superstitious crew, who conceive that the impious Yezidi is the cause of the dangers with which they have been visited. Arrived at Constantinople, Cara Bey persuades Zabeta, Ayesha's mother, with the promised bribe of making a fine lady of her, to accuse Osmond of having run away with two Turkish women. Osmond is accordingly made the victim of the artful Greek woman's ingratitude. He undergoes a summary trial, and is removed to the Isle of Rhodes. Ayesha is thus left exposed to the machinations of Cara Bey, who out of revenge, tries to get her into the Sultan's harem. His plans are frustrated by Wortley, a friend of Osmond's who finds a sister in Ayesha. Zabeta, before her marriage with her Turkish husband, had been in the service of an English family, and had escaped with the child, which she had made to pass for her own. Wortley conveys his sister to England, where they are joined by Osmond; not, however, before he had witnessed the execution of his inveterate enemy, Cara Bey; who had been conveyed to Rhodes by the same conveyance that brought the order for Osmond's release. His last act was an attempt to assassinate his generous foe.

The Maid of Kars is a highly interesting romance, and exceeding graphic, but its effect is something deteriorated by the too great a degree of perfection awarded to the hero. He is too much of a Sir Charles Grandison in Turkey,—too infallible both in mind and muscle.

TABLE TALK.

Mrs. Siddons when a child.—In the memoranda which she has left me, Mrs. Siddons says nothing of her juvenile days, but I remember her telling an anecdote of her infancy which strongly illustrated her confidence in the efficacy of prayer, or rather of the Prayer-Book. One day, her mother had promised to take her out the following, to a pleasure party in the neighbourhood, and she was to wear a new pink dress, which became her exceedingly. But whether the party was to hold, and the pink apparel to be worn, was to depend on the weather to-morrow morning. On going to bed, she took with her her Prayer-Book, opened, as she supposed, at the prayer for fine weather, and she fell asleep with the book folded in her little arms. At day-break she found that she had been holding the prayer for rain to her breast, and that the rain, as if heaven had taken her at her word, was pelting at the windows. But she went to bed again with the book opened at the right place, and she found the mistake quite remedied; for the morning was as pink and beautiful as the dress she was to wear.—*Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons*, (just published.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Happy Mother," and "Errors of Education," will have all due attention paid them. The result in our next.

A letter will be sent to the gentleman who favoured us with a letter and manuscript from Holloway, and to the other to whom we are indebted for the sight of the two books, and for the letter about the Countess of Exeter's story (not Plymouth, we believe). We allude to the well known Romance of Real Life, the marriage of a farmer's daughter by an Earl in disguise, which has been celebrated among others by the verses of Mr. Moore, and the eloquent envy of Hazlitt.

The lines of J. A. O. have much vivacity, and shew stuff in him that is worth working. But satire is not within the plan of our Journal.

We are much perplexed to know what to do with many of the longer copies of verses sent us; for if we insert one, we seem bound to insert all of equal merit, otherwise the feelings of the authors are hurt. We must take the liberty of making occasional extracts; and the writers, for the reason we state, will pardon our doing no more. Among others we have been looking for a corner for some of the lines of R. W. whom we had not overlooked, though we thought so, and though his irritation (which was quite excusable under his impressions) gave us a little harder knock than his good nature, we suspect, will like to stand to.

We are considering what to do with a variety of publications connected with Music and the Fine Arts, the necessity for being in advance with our Journal precluding the first plan acted upon. We shall try hard to find a corner for them some how.

Many thanks to R. B. H. and to a variety of other correspondents, whom we cannot specify in this number.

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